

# SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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## DIRECTORY.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor.  
M. E. Church South—services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.  
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

### COUNTY DIRECTORY.

#### CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.  
A. L. Martin, Clerk, Hartford.  
Hon. J. H. Murray, Judge, Owensboro.  
S. B. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—  
W. H. Hanger, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, E. H. Cooper, Fortville, S. L. Falkner, Hugg's Falls.

Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

#### CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Owensboro.  
Hon. J. H. Murray, Judge, Owensboro.  
S. B. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—  
W. H. Hanger, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, E. H. Cooper, Fortville, S. L. Falkner, Hugg's Falls.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

#### QUARTERLY COURT.

Regis on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

#### COURT OF CLAIMS.

Regis on the first Mondays January and October.

#### OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Owensboro.  
J. Smith, Pittsburgh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
J. H. Bowers, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
R. P. Howe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

#### MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

CRIMINAL DISTRICT—NO. 1.  
H. Balford, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
A. N. Brown, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
D. J. Wilson, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

CIVIL DISTRICT—NO. 2.  
A. N. Brown, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
D. J. Wilson, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

CIVIL DISTRICT—NO. 3.  
A. N. Brown, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, DEC. 19, 1877.

NO. 50.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

## DIED DRUNK.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYES.

"Hark! how the merciless cold winds blow!  
Mamma, come look at the beautiful snow!  
See how the streets are all muffled in white,  
I'm looking for papa—he'll come home all right."  
"Why are you looking so lonely and sad?  
I know papa drinks, but can't I make you glad?  
Come, kiss me mamma, and don't weep any more."  
"Hush! Come to my arms, there's a wolf at the door!"  
"Mamma, don't cry, let me kneel at your feet,  
We're hungry and cold, and we've nothing to eat."  
Look up, and be cheerful, in God you trust,  
If papa's drunkard, God will not blame us.  
The fire is out, but we're nothing to fear,  
Let's lie down together and sleep on the floor;  
No! and there's no sleep while the wolf's at the door!"  
"Oh! Mamma, God bless you! cheer up all you can,  
Some day I may be a good son and a man.  
To bring you sorrowful heart-ache and joy,  
If papa's drunkard, just think I'm your boy.  
Who'll never forsake us—no! God never will."  
"Hush! child, there's your father; don't say a word more."  
Great God! Can't he see there's a wolf at the door?  
Aye! staggering drunk at that hour so late,  
The father stood reeling in snow at the gate,  
His heart full of grief, his eyes so poorly and dim,  
Went out in the snow, and he led 'Papa' in.  
But just as he entered, he felt to the floor,  
And there went a father and a mother and a son!  
The result of death to the door-knob was dim,  
A husband—a father—a husband had died.

From the Temperance Advocate.

## TO THE BOYS.

BY J. W. HIGGINS.

Now boys, I have concluded to have a little talk with you this time. I am very fond of boys, for I was once a boy myself. Some poet has said: "Men are only boys grown old." "Hearts don't change much after all." Maybe if I can get a little seed of truth to lodge in the mellow soil of your tender hearts, and then if you will let your own warm nature protect it, it may sprout and some day bear precious fruit.

You know it is a very short time till Christmas will be here with all its joys. But then boys, along with the joys come the little temptations. And now for that and I am done.

I expect the most of you have heard it said that this life is not the only life we will live. Or as the preachers say, "Death does not end all." Now if this be true, then the dullest boy I am talking to can see that this life is given us to prepare us for the longer and brighter one to come. Now don't be alarmed, I am not going to put on a long face, and say anything that sounds dead and musty, for you could not appreciate anything like this, and I do not blame you. Boys were never made to go about the world with their heads hung down as if they had stolen somebody's sheep. They were made to enjoy themselves, and by this enjoyment feed their souls till they grow large and healthy enough to enjoy the ocean of life in store for us "over the river."

Now go back and read again what I have written and see if you agree with me in all I have said. Now I want to ask you a question. Why is it some boys grow up to be such unhappy worthless kind of men? As I can't hear any of you say anything, I will have to answer for you. It is because they were not the right kind of boys. There now, who agrees with me? I hope all of you do, and I am quite certain that the boy that disagrees with me will some day change his opinion. That's it. "Not the right kind of boys." As a rule, the right kind of boys grow up to be the right kind of men.

I expect your curiosity is excited, and I imagine I can hear some one say, "How came the boys to be of the wrong kind? That's the question. Will they let the influence of little sins and temptations get down into their hearts, and thus, blights and twists their natures till they are spiritually all out of shape? Some of us men try to think that these little sins are after all of no consequence. But this is a great mistake. A person's character is no stronger than its weakest point. Let me seek an illustration. Take a chain of an hundred links. Ninety-nine of them are just perfect. But one, only one, has a flaw in it, and when the chain breaks it is sure to be that faulty link. Now boys how would you remedy the matter? Why by getting a new, stronger perfect link, then the chain is all right. Now maybe this Christmas will prove where the weak link is in your nature. Maybe you love whisky and egg-nog and some of these days you will feel so sorry you did not strengthen the chain of your character just at that point. Boys, watch out. Guard the weak places. Well, I thank you for reading what I have written. May God watch over you, and may you be as ready to do your part as He is to do His.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An African prince once sent an embassy to the Queen of England, and asked in return to know the secret of England's greatness. The Queen said: "I cannot tell you the number of her fleet, or army, nor the account of her boundless merchandise, nor the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not disclose upon the intelligence of the Anglo-saxon race, nor like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, exhibited her diamonds and costly ornaments; no none of these, but handing them a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said: 'Go tell your Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness. Thus has it ever been. The moral law is intended, not only for individuals, but as a guide for the constructions of States and Nations, and so far as nations keep in close proximity to these teachings will they be prosperous and happy.' Upon our own National coin we see the inscription 'In God we trust.' To this, just so far as our laws have conformed to that idea, may we attribute any peace and prosperity ever enjoyed by our nation. And just so far as we fall short of this and as a nation violate the spirit of the Bible, so far will we fall short of National Prosperity and happiness.

REV. ISAAC B. SEIF.

Do not laugh at the drunken man reeling on the street, however ludicrous the sight may be, just stop to think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throw with intense agony, some dotting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her once virtuous boy, or it may be a fond wife, whose heart will burst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of his self-respect. Rather than a tear of sympathy with those hearts so keenly sensitive and tender, yet so proud and loyal that they cannot accept sympathy tendered them either in word, look or act, although it might fall on their crushed and wounded hearts as refreshingly as the summer dew upon the withering plant.

Men Without Occupation.

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. We have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.—Jeffersonian Democrat.

## A Warning.

BY J. W. HIGGINS.

We knew a handsome young man whose father gave him all the advantages of a good education, and a death left him a fortune. He married a beautiful, accomplished girl. To pass his home on a summer evening two years afterwards and see the happy couple with laughing faces bounding from lap to lap was a happy scene. He took a social glass and the appetite grew on him until he stayed out all night to gamble and drink. In five years the sheriff stood in the door and cried away the beautiful home. With the scanty allotment the law left, the submissive wife moved with him to a rented cabin. With the lowly rable he revelled, until with consumption of the heart the wife died, and the children, two sweet little girls, found a home in the orphan asylum. One winter night he fell, and without a hand of love to soothe his brow he died. The hand of charity dug his grave and furnished the coffin, laid him away unwept, unhonored, unused. Boys, shun drink.

## Power of Alchemy.

"The enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands and even millions, but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If all the vast bodies of water that cover nearly three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe, were emptied, drop by drop, into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written by the two words, 'eighteen septillions,' and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four ciphers to the number 181,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity as to form any rational idea of the units embodied in the expression above. For although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of only an inch and a half in ordinary print, yet if each particular drop by a separate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks sufficiently long to reach around the sun six thousand billion of times."—Phrenological Journal.

## A Useful Wife.

We had been out to the graveyard to bury Mrs. Pidgeon, and we were riding home in the carriage with the bereaved widow. While he sopped his eyes with his handkerchief